

The Honest J U R Y;

OR,
CAI E B T R I U M P H A N T

To the Tune of *Packington Pound*

Caleb Edmeades

V

O, YE, ye good Writers, your Pens are set free. This Jury so trufly, and Froot against RHINO, your Thoughts and the Press are at full liberty; I am apt to believe to be *True Divino*, for your King and your Country you safely may write, But 'tis true in this Nation (eh! why is it so?) you may say *Black is Black*, and prove *White is White*. Men the Honest are as the lower you go; Let us Parphleteers, So a Fish when 'tis dead, Be concarn'd for their *Earth*, I have often heard said, or ev'ry Man now shall be try'd by his Peers. May be sweet at the *Tail*, tho' it stinks at the *Head*, twelve good honest Men shall decide in each Cause, Oh! may *Honesty* rise and confound the base Tribe, and be Judges of *Fact*; the not Judges of *Laws*. Who will be Corrupted by Pension or Bribe:

II

'Tis said Master Caleb a Paper did print, Which sometimes at some Folks look'd slyly a Squint, weekly held forth of no Peace and no War, we're forc'd from his Trade to appear at the Bar, Thus for talking too free,

Master Att— train'd his Lungs for to set him in the Pillory, but Philoxer now shall be raised for the shame of some Rogues, at yet 'tis not proper to name.

III

You may call the Man *Fool*, who *Treaties* do's blunder And file him a *Law*, who his Country doth plunder; the *Peace* be now gild, is had never been a Crime, o with it were better in Prose or in Rhime!

For Sir Philip well knows,

That *Ingenious*—does still serve him a longer in Verse or in Prose, or Twelve honest Men have decided the Cause, and were Judges of *Fact*, tho' not Judges of *Laws*,

IV

Judges there are, and twice Twelve Aldermen, And many Members and Bishops—what then? you shou'd travel all England around, them Twelve honest cannot be found, on this sign a Jury, which set Caleb free, sought in their Verdict *He was not Guilty*, at these Honest Men, who do pay *Scot and Lot*, and Ballads are Ballads be never forgot.



VI

A Jury there was when the Pope was in power, That brought out seven Bishops alive from the Tower, They sav'd our Religion from *Jacobite Fury*, Both that and King *GEORGE* we owe to a Jury,

So those that brought *that*

The Bishops—no doubt, Broughe in our King *George*, who's so gallant and Then here 'tis the Interest of Country and King, That Juries should never be led in a string.

VII

Thus far honest *Duncan* hath prophry'd right, And prov'd himself blest'd with true *Second Sight*, Who, tho' Deaf and Dumb, in *Astrology* famous, As *Partridge*, *poor Robin*, or old *Nostradamus*,

Did lately *Divine*,

That *Caleb* shou'd shine, And prevail o'er his Foes, in the Year twenty nine, For Twelve honest Men have determin'd his Cause, And reigned from Quibbles our old *English Laws*.

VIII

But one thing remains his Predictions to crown, And that is to see the *LEVIATHAN* down, Nor let us despise, the Year is not out, And a Month or two more may bring it about,

Then in Chorus let's sing,

And say—God bless the King, And grant that all those, who deserve it may swing, If Twelve honest Men were to Judge in this Case, Our good Verdict more might secure all our Laws.